

SUMMER ISSUE
No. 5

THE

SPIRIT

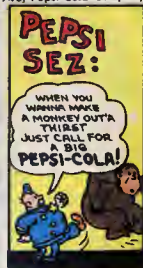
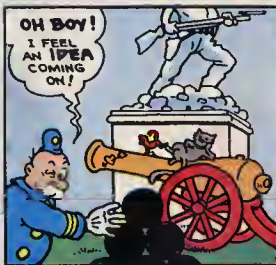
10¢





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THE SPIRIT



FROM his den in Wildwood, the *SPIRIT* rises to solve the mystery of the *DEATH ANGEL* ...and runs smack into a series of emotional clashes: Can he do otherwise when a lovely woman is involved?

Let us look in on Mr. Logan, and pick up his story....

WHY, MARGOT!
FANCY SEEING
YOU HERE!

LAN, I'VE
COME TO SAY
I WAS A
FOOL!

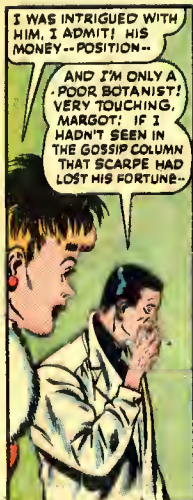


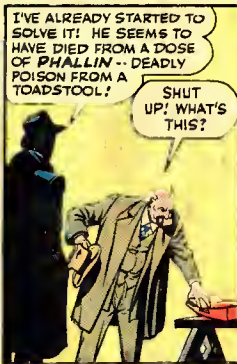
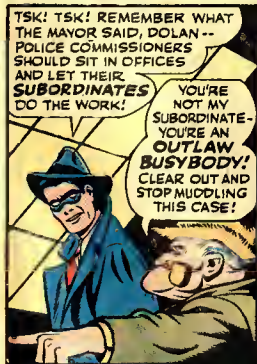
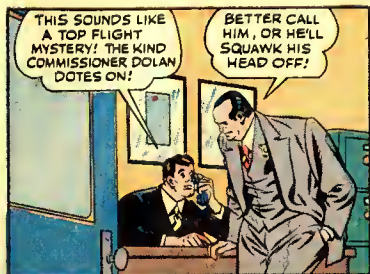
OH -- SO
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO MARRY
SCARPE AFTER
ALL -- DESPITE
HIS MONEY
BAGS?

NO, LAN,
NO!

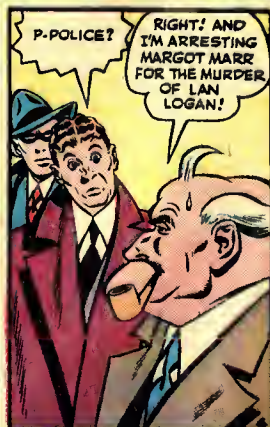
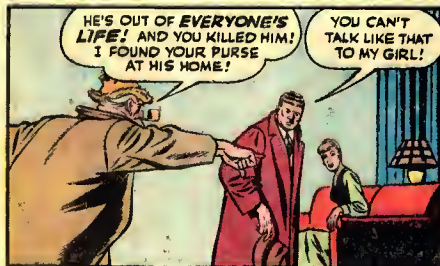
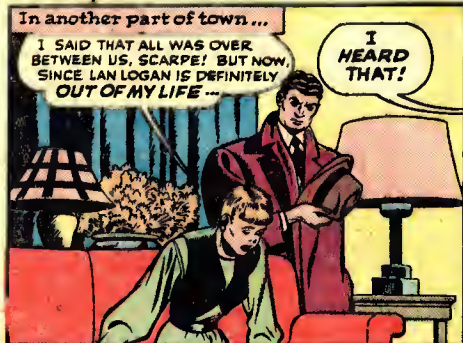


The Spirit

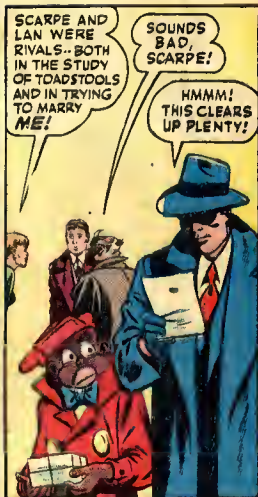




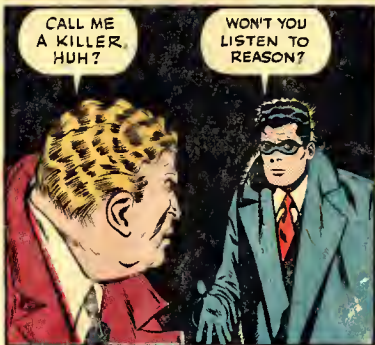
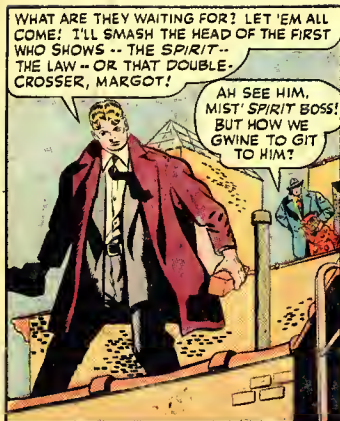
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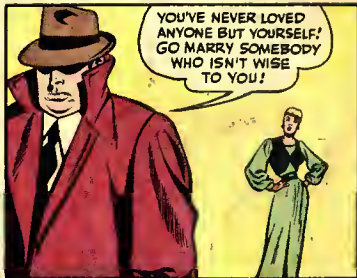
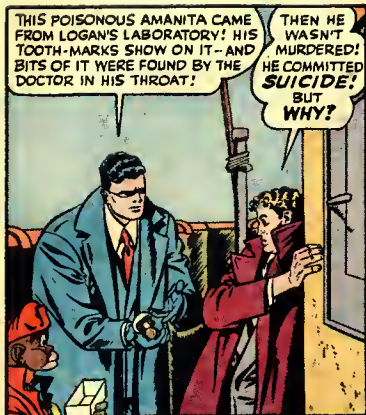
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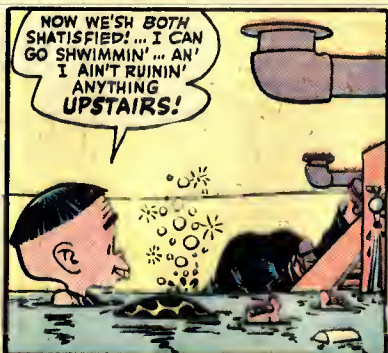
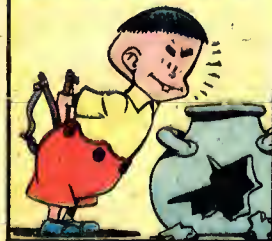
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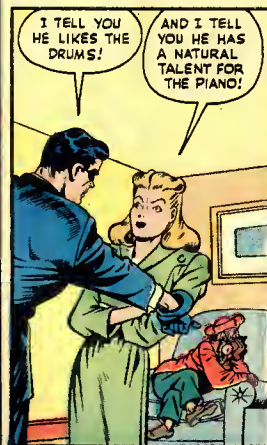


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Cuthbert





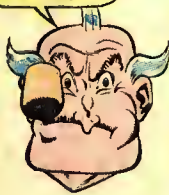
The Spirit



THE ROYAL PRINCESS ALICE VISITS OUR COUNTRY!... RIGHT SMACK IN CENTRAL CITY HER DIAMOND TIARA, WORTH MILLIONS, IS STOLEN! ALL MY MEN ARE ON THE CASE AND CAN'T FIND IT!



I'VE GOT TO THINK... THINK... THINK! BUT CAN I FIND PEACE AND QUIET IN MY OWN HOME? NO! I'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO THIS INFERNAL UPROAR!



WILL IT BE DRUMS OR THE PIANO? THE PIANO OR DRUMS? TEACH HIM TO PLAY THE KAZOO, BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, **SHADDUP!**



WE WON'T DISTURB YOU WITH ANY MORE ARGUING, DADDY! IT'S ALL SETTLED!... EBDON'S GOING TO BE A PIANIST!

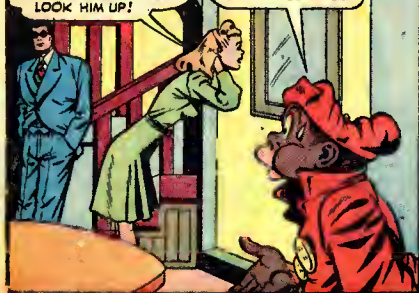
YO' MUST ADMIT DRUMS IS FUN!

SLAM!



SOMEBODY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT A WONDERFUL PIANO TEACHER! WE'LL LOOK HIM UP!

BUT, MISS ELLEN... YO' GITS MO' EXERCISE PLAYIN' DRUMS!

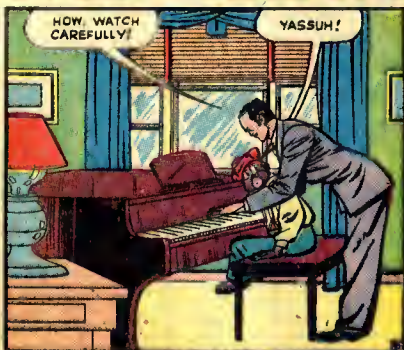


HERE WE ARE! THIS IS HIS STUDIO!

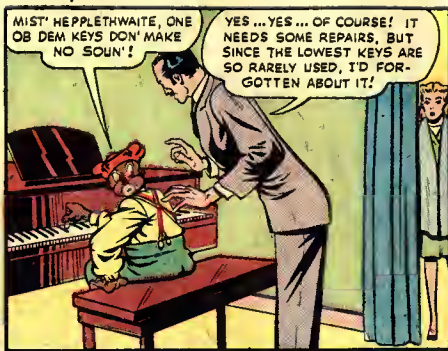
PERCIVAL
HEPPELETHWATE
PIANOFORTE



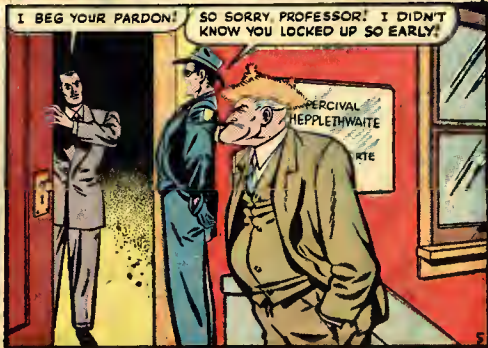
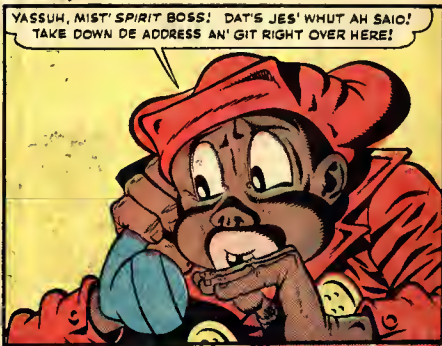
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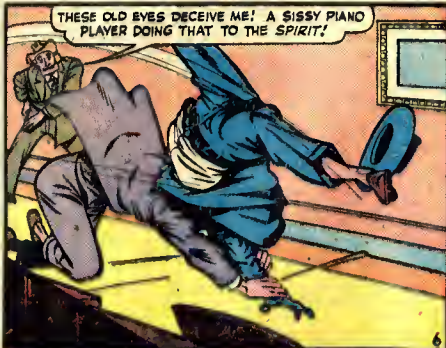
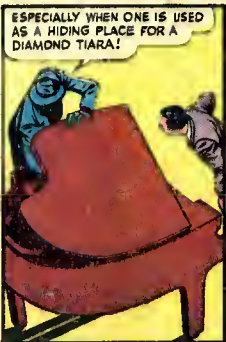
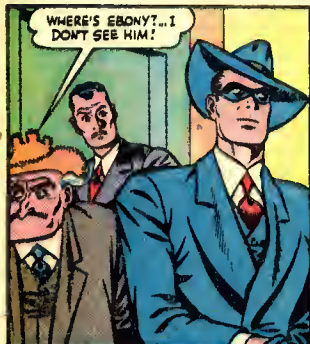
The Signit



The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit

AS FOR YOU, COMMISSIONER, AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD TO BE GOING IN FOR GUNNERY?



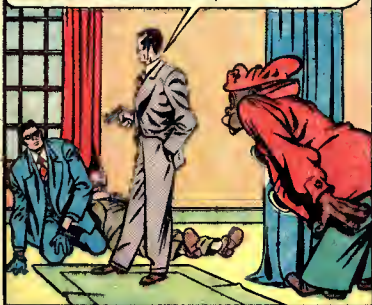
HOW AMUSING!



RECKON AH KIN 'GO IN NOW! DAT SOUNDS LIKE MAH SPIRIT FINISHEO DE JOB!



OF COURSE I FIND THIS SORT OF THING MOST DISTASTEFUL! BUT, I SUPPOSE, IT HAS TO BE DONE!



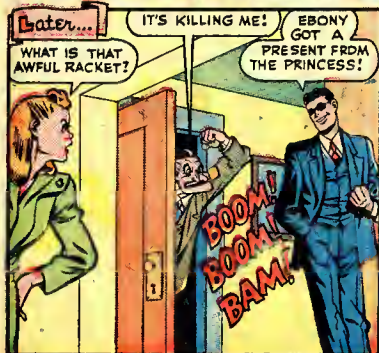
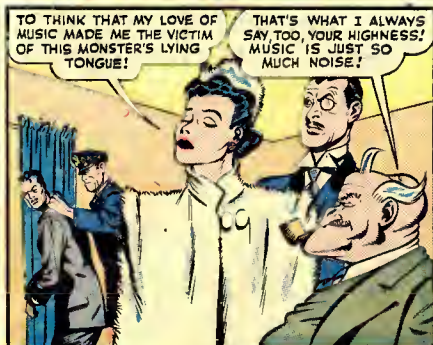
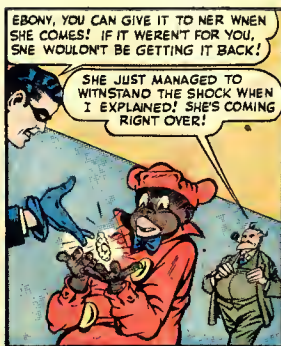
I ASSURE YOU, YOU WON'T FIND IT A BIT FUNNY, SPIRIT!



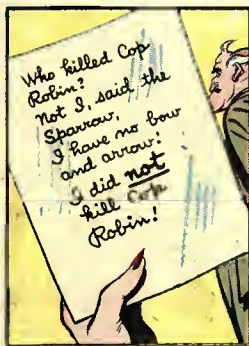
THE FIRST ROUND WAS YOURS! BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE?



The Spirit









The Spirit



A MURDERING THUG WHO
WRITES NURSERY RHYMES
AND MINDS HIS MOTHER!
--WOW!



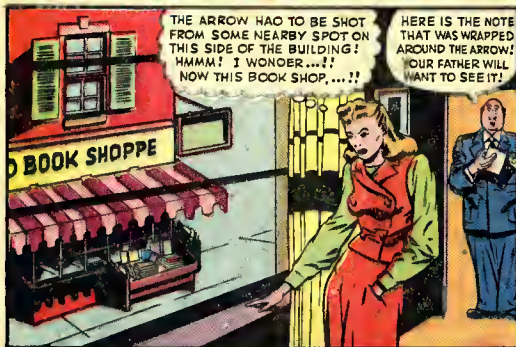
MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

BUT FATHER! I
TELL YOU THE
SPIRIT IS
WRONG!

THAT WOULD BE THE LAST
STRAW -- MAKE A LAUGHING
STOCK OF ME! I TELL YOU
I'M TAKING A PROWL CAR
DOWN THERE TO BE IN
ON THIS CAPTURE!



COP ROBIN WAS
KILLED IN THE POLICE
LOCKER ROOM RIGHT
HERE BELOW DADDY'S
OFFICE! ALDERMAN
GOODRICH'S OFFICE
IS JUST ABOVE!



THE ARROW HAD TO BE SHOT
FROM SOME NEARBY SPOT ON
THIS SIDE OF THE BUILDING!
HMMM! I WONDER...!!
NOW THIS BOOK SHOP, ...!!

HERE IS THE NOTE
THAT WAS WRAPPED
AROUND THE ARROW!
YOUR FATHER WILL
WANT TO SEE IT!

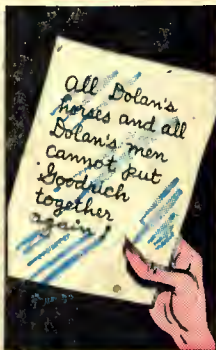


"ALDERMAN GOODRICH
SAT ON A WALL, ALDERMAN
GOODRICH HAD A GREAT
FALL" ...

HMMM! HOW
DOES THIS APPLY
TO HIM?



I MAY BE ON
THE WRONG TRACK
BUT... YIPE!



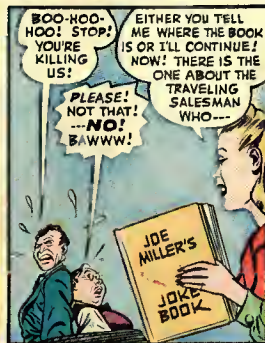
All Dolan's
horses and all
Dolan's men
cannot put
Goodrich
together
again!

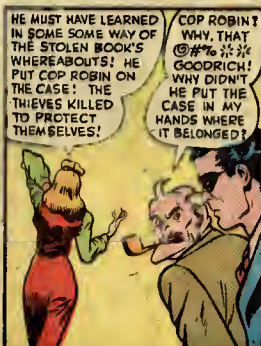
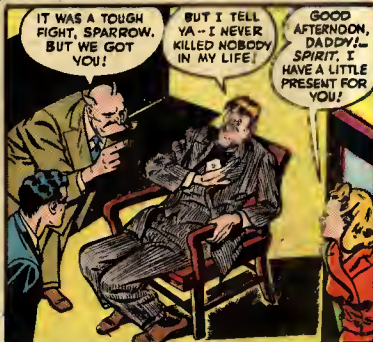


NOW I AM MAD!
THEY'RE CHALLENGING
MY FATHER'S POLICE
DEPARTMENT!

The Spirit





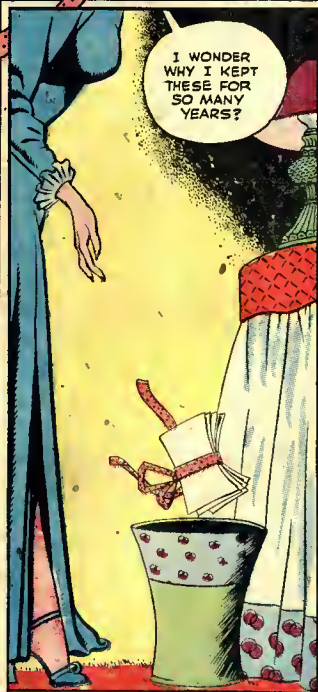


The SPIRIT

by
Will Eisner

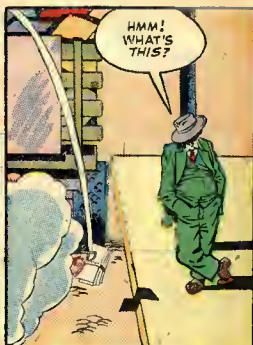
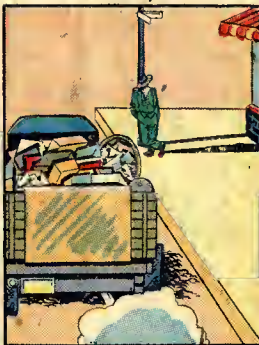


A bundle of love letters!
What memories...what mysteries!...
What **TROUBLES!!!!**





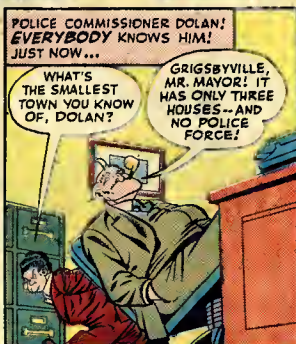
NOT IN THE FURNACE,
JOE -- WE BUNDLE
THE PAPER AND
SELL IT!



HMM!
WHAT'S
THIS?



HEY! THESE ARE
LOVE LETTERS
TO FIFI MCCOY--
FROM POLICE
COMMISSIONER
DOLAN!



POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN!
EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM!
JUST NOW...

WHAT'S
THE SMALLEST
TOWN YOU KNOW
OF, DOLAN?

GRIGSBYVILLE,
MR. MAYOR! IT
HAS ONLY THREE
HOUSES--AND
NO POLICE
FORCE!



WELL, IF GRIGSBYVILLE
DID HAVE A POLICE
FORCE, YOU SHOULD
BE ON IT!

WH-WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN,
SIR!



I'VE SOLVED
SOME OF THE
MOST
BAFFLING
CRIMES
OF THE
CENTURY!

YES! LET A SHOT RING
OUT--OR A WOMAN
SCREAM--OR A CAR
PARK SIDEWIDE--AND
YOU, HEAD OF CENTRAL
CITY'S GREAT POLICE
ORGANIZATION, DASH
IN PERSON TO
THE SCENE!



LET YOUR MEN DO
THE LEG-WORK!
YOU'RE AN
ADMINISTRATOR
--AN EXECUTIVE--
NOT A COMMON
PATROLMAN!

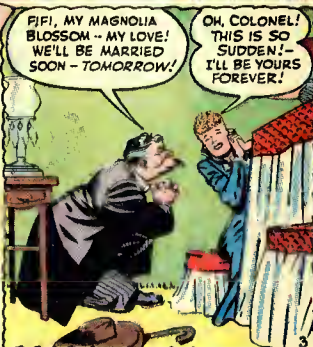
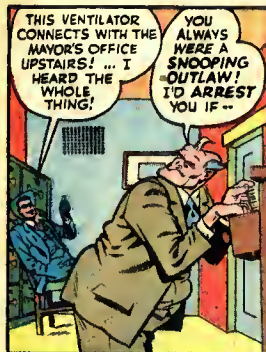
AN EXECUTIVE,
EH?... WELL--UH
--MAYBE YOU'RE
RIGHT, MR. MAYOR!
FROM NOW ON,
I'LL SUPER-
VISE!



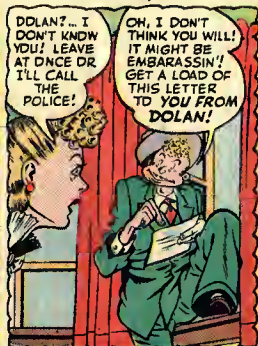
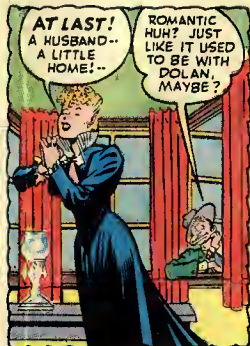
I DO LOOK
DISTINGUISHED!
THE MAYOR'S RIGHT
FOR ONCE! ... A
POLICE COMMISSIONER
SHOULD WORK ON
A HIGHER
SCALE...

SORT
OF LIKE
THAT
IDEA, EH,
DOLAN?

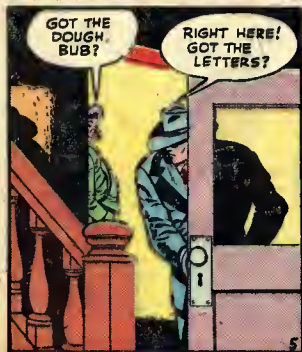
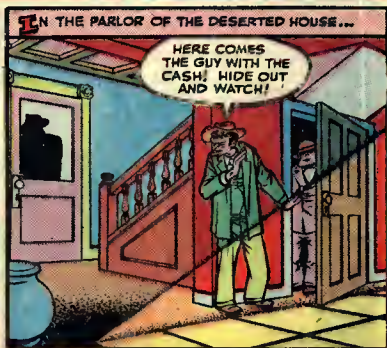
The Spirit



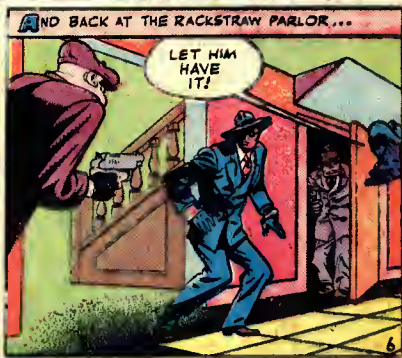
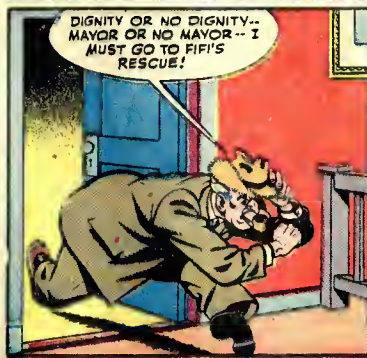
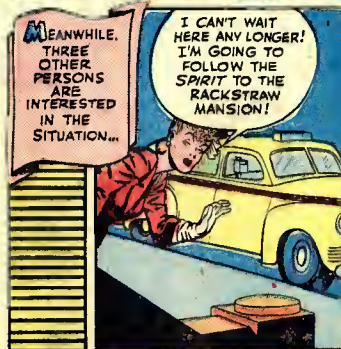
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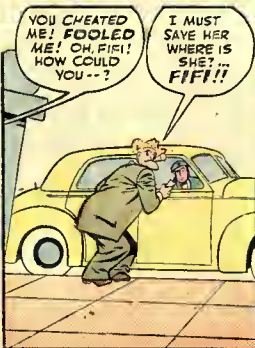
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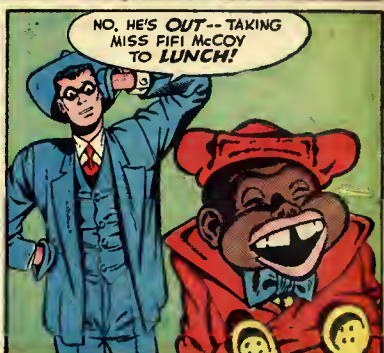
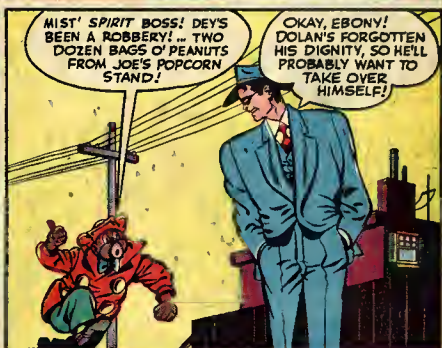
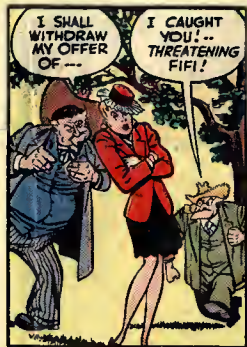
The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit



Flatfoot BURNS

STAR
DETECTIVE

in The GREAT
RAILROAD MYSTERY

YES, I
ADMIT THAT
THE RIVAL
RAILROAD
OFFERED ME DOUGH
TO DERAIL THE TRAIN!
BUT HONEST, MR. BURNS,
I DIDN'T DO IT! GOT
COLD FEET AT THE
LAST MOMENT!

HMF!
YOU'RE IN
A BAD SPOT,
LARRY!

YOU WERE THE
ONLY SIGNAL
TOWER MAN
ON DUTY WHEN
THE TRAIN WAS
DERAILED!

by AL STAHL

WHAT DO YOU THINK,
FLATFOOT? HE IS
GUILTY OR NOT
GUILTY?

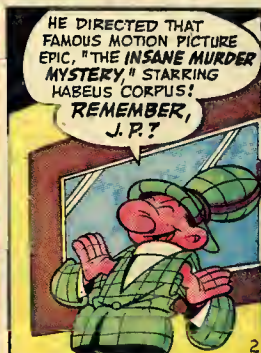
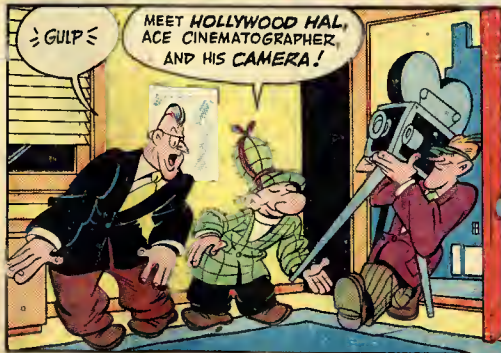
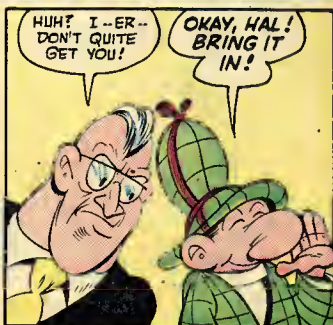
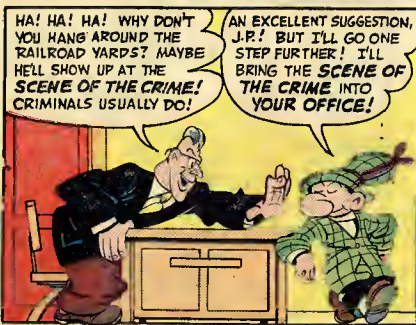
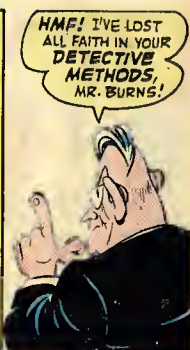
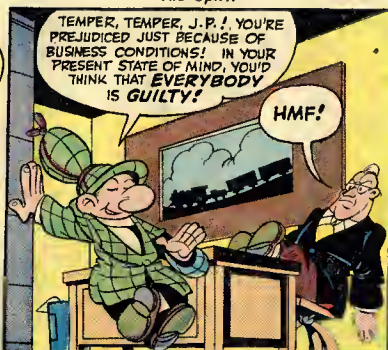
HM-M! I DON'T
KNOW THE
EVIDENCE IS
AGAINST
HIM!

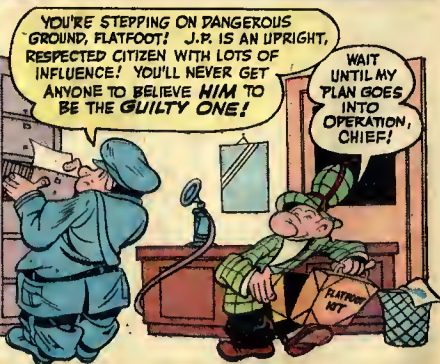
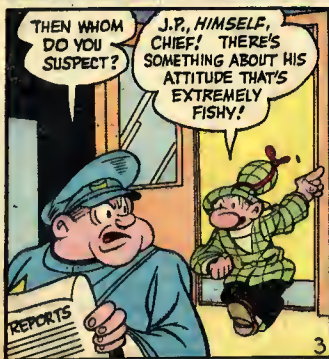
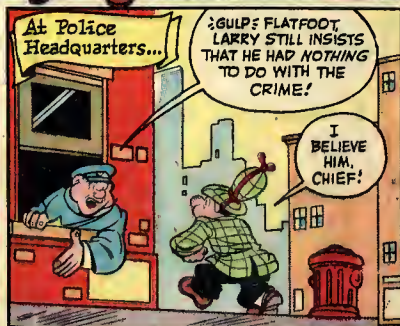
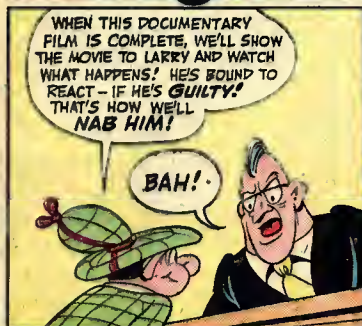
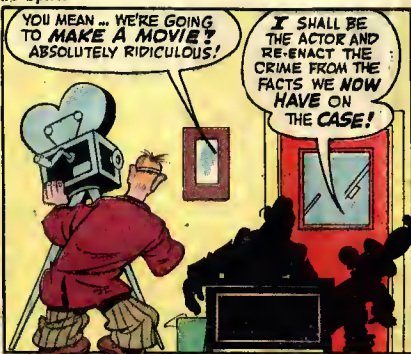
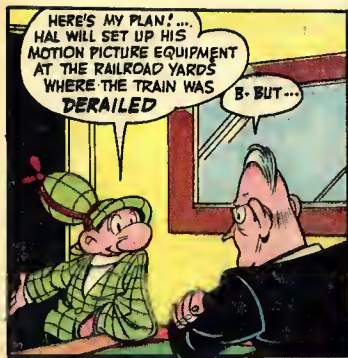
A short while later, in the office of
J. P. Boxcar, the Vice President of
Malgamated Railroads...

DID HE
ADMIT IT,
FLATFOOT?

I DON'T THINK THAT
LARRY, YOUR SIGNAL TOWER
MAN, DID THAT JOB!







EXCUSE ME A MOMENT
WHILE I PREPARE
MYSELF!



TA-YE-YA-DA-DEE--
OH, FOR THE LIFE
OF AN ACTRESS!

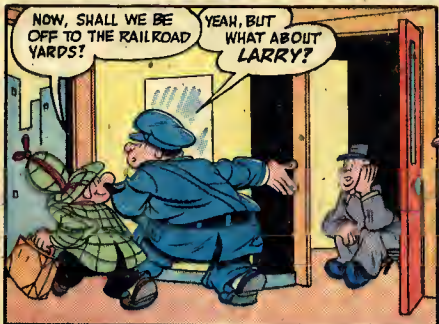


ENTER THE VILLAIN!
AMAZING WHAT A LITTLE
MOUSTACHE WILL DO,
EH, CHIEF?



NOW, SHALL WE BE
OFF TO THE RAILROAD
YARDS?

YEAH, BUT
WHAT ABOUT
LARRY?

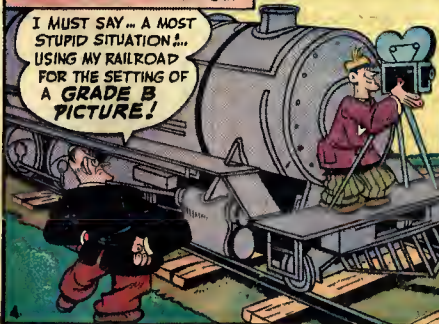


STAY RIGHT THERE, OL'
BOY! AND DON'T WORRY!
WE'LL CORROBORATE
YOUR STORY!



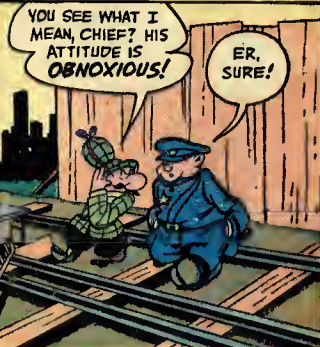
At the Railroad Yards...

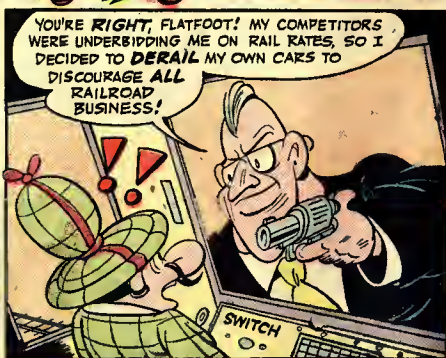
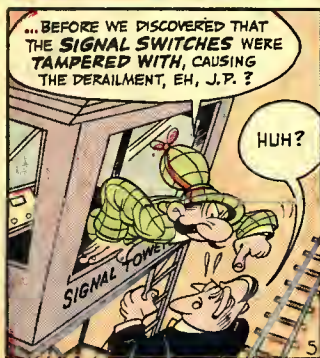
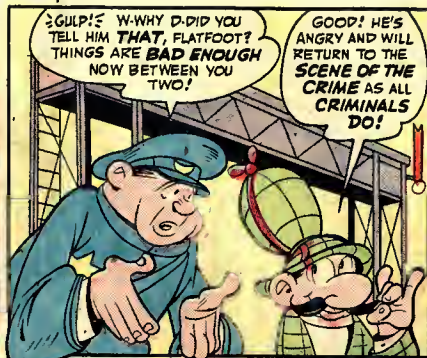
I MUST SAY... A MOST
STUPID SITUATION...
USING MY RAILROAD
FOR THE SETTING OF
A **GRADE B**
PICTURE!

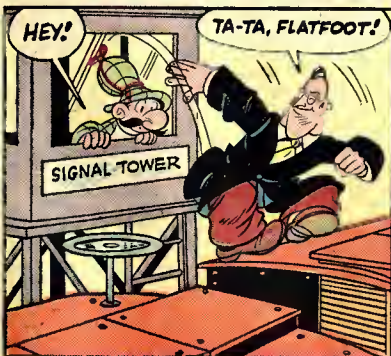
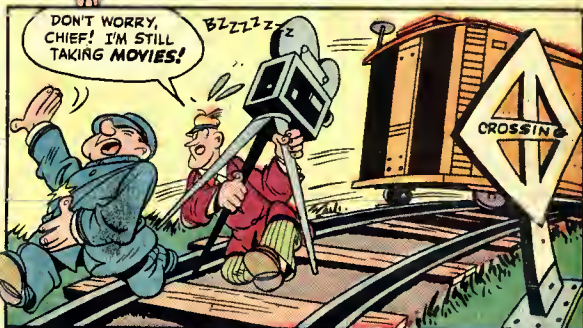
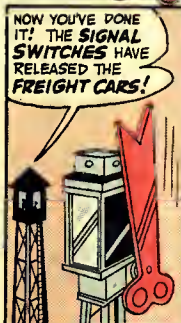
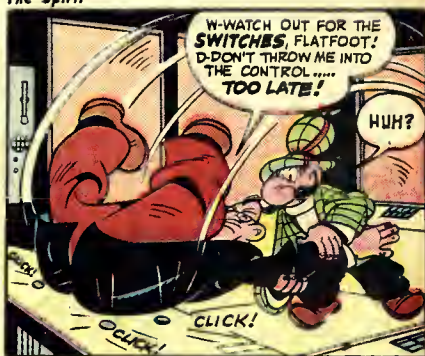


YOU SEE WHAT I
MEAN, CHIEF? HIS
ATTITUDE IS
OBNOXIOUS!

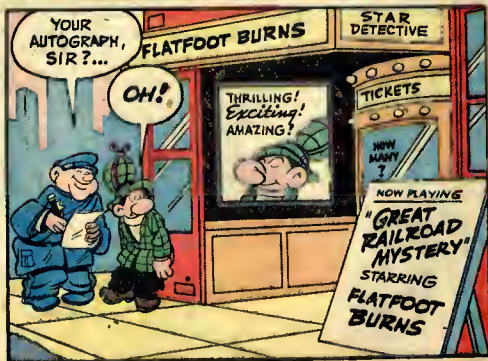
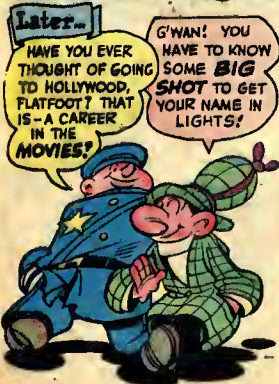
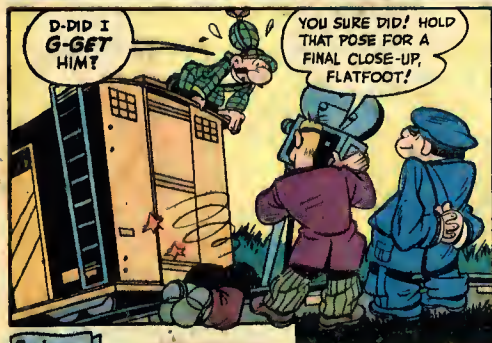
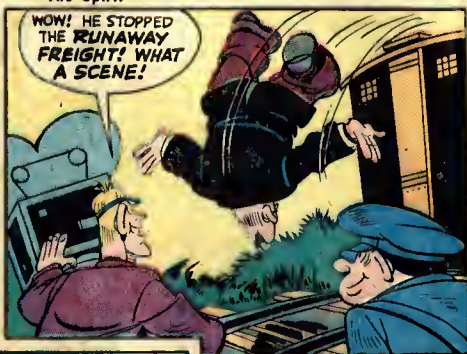
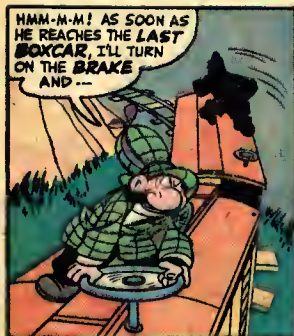
ER,
SURE!







The Spirit



Later...

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF GOING TO HOLLYWOOD, FLATFOOT? THAT IS-A CAREER IN THE MOVIES!

STAR DETECTIVE

FLATFOOT BURNS

THRILLING!
Exciting!
AMAZING!

TICKETS

NOW MANY?

NOW PLAYING
"GREAT RAILROAD MYSTERY"
STARRING
FLATFOOT BURNS

Cloud Doctor

THE huge B-24, buffeted by monstrous winds and burrowing through a veritable world of greasy clouds, roared on—on. The navigator wasn't at all sure where they were. He only knew that, before his important instruments had gone out, they were over the Rocky Mountains. 17,000 feet.

They must maintain a good altitude. That's where pilots made their mistakes, flying too low. He recalled some of the terrible crashes that had occurred in these towering pinnacles; bombers, fighters, pursuits and even trainers. Was it because of carelessness or lack of efficiency in the instruments?

The pilot spoke into the intercom: "Ceiling. Navigator?"

"She was 17,000," replied the navigator. "Just keep her nose up, Pilot. The instruments are out."

Henshaw, the pilot, didn't like that. Too easy to fall off at this altitude. And in this storm, and plunging through these heavy clouds, anything could happen. He felt worried. There were twenty-two men in this ship. Twenty-two men anxious to land again and join their loved ones. He had to reach his destination safely.

The radio operator kept sending a stream of signals to the landing fields. Reporting their location and condition of instruments. Asking advice. But the storm caused so much static that

incoming signals were rendered unintelligible.

The radio op. was worried. He had only returned from three years in Europe. Now it looked as if this test flight over home soil might prove disastrous. Wasn't right. Three years flying through flak without much damage, and now to be facing death in a friendly atmosphere. . . !

The storm grew worse if anything. The clouds gathered blacker and thicker. The wind was a mighty blast like nothing the crew of that B-24 had ever experienced. It lifted and tossed and shook the huge plane as if in the grasp of a giant's fist. It knocked them about inside and threw the cargo in every direction.

The radio suddenly went out completely, and there was now no chance of sending out their location; rather, their supposed location. What was the diff? No light plane could live through this storm; there was no chance of getting help. What or who could help you flying thousands of feet above the terrain? Only experience counted now.

No. I port engine went out with a clatter. There was a long streamer of flame, then the automatic dioxide extinguisher did its work and the fire was halted. Couldn't hold the ship on a level keel in such a storm. Best thing was to—

"Prepare to bail out!" barked the pilot.

Then, before they could get the big door in the side open, a terrific world-shattering crash hurled the crew up into the forward bulkhead. With a mighty plunge and resulting explosion, the B-24 tore into a mountainside, slithered down a hundred yards, and lay still, a heap of twisted wreckage.

Silence.

Capt. Jim Hazard, medico and paratrooper, strode back and forth in the field control tower. He was worried. Aboard that B-24 were several of his good friends. Not a word in the past two hours. They must be out of fuel. He quickly computed their flight; yes, they would be completely out of fuel. And in this storm they would be unable to navigate—to soar.

"Try again, Sparky," he told the operator.

But there was no response. "I'm afraid it's hopeless, Captain."

Capt. Jim Hazard suddenly made up his mind. "I'm going out," he said. "Something's happened and I mean to find out what." He left the control tower and hurried to the hangar where his fast pursuit ship was waiting. It was suicide to take a light ship out in such a storm, but he was going to.

Just what Capt. Hazard meant to do if and when he found the bomber, he didn't know. He had to do something!

Getting into his parachute, he was about to slip into the fast

The Spirit

little ship when Lt. Spanner, one of his pals, said, "Room for one more, Cap?"

Capt. Hazard looked at the fellow. Spanner was an excellent pilot. Yes, if the big plane had crashed—and Jim felt it had—Spanner might come in handy.

"Oke, Lieutenant, if you want a chance it," said Capt. Hazard. "You're a better pilot than I am."

Spanner climbed into the pilot's seat and started the plane's powerful engine, letting it warm up for a minute. Then they slid out of the hangar and roared up into the dark skies. It was still around noon.

Spanner had the chart of the bomber's last radioed location. He headed that way.

They flew for two hours, back and forth over the terrain they thought might hold the secret of the bomber. It was rough, mountainous terrain, the worst.

Then the clouds broke, moved on, and they could see the peaks below—not far below, though they were flying at 20,000. They'd have to drop down now.

Spanner was expert. He lowered the little pursuit, and once more back and forth they went, watching the rugged country down there. Suddenly Spanner said, "Looks like it," and pointed down.

Hazard trained his glasses on the spot. Yes, it was a wrecked ship. Tendrils of smoke still drifted upward from it. He wondered if all aboard were dead. If not, then they would be soon. Unless help could be sent quickly. He had his medical kit with him, as always. A sudden brilliant thought struck him. Why not? Had it ever

been done? No? Well, here goes for an attempt, at least!

Hazard made his plan clear to Spanner, telling him to report at the field immediately and order a ground party out at once. Then he leaped into space.

Capt. Hazard and his medical kit landed within walking distance of the wrecked plane and it took him almost an hour to climb up to it, so heavy was the underbrush. But at last he arrived. He could hear groans from inside the big ship, which was demolished. Three bodies lay outside—dead.

He made sure they were beyond medical assistance first, then he began prying his way into the wrecked plane. It took him another hour to get one of the doors loose. Inside, he found everything in a turmoil. Three others were already dead. But sixteen men still lived. Some had lost a lot of blood; others were unconscious, mangled.

Quickly Capt. Hazard began giving plasma injections, binding up ugly wounds, patching, stitching, setting bones. He was busy for almost two hours when he heard shouts from far down the mountainside. Yes, the rescue party was arriving. They'd be able to save some of these men. Two more had died while he had administered aid to them. The fourteen still living, had a fair chance of pulling through if hospitalized soon.

Capt. Hazard was exhausted from fatigue when the rescue party arrived with stretchers. Very gently they placed the injured men on them, strapped down, and now began the dangerous descent

of the mountain. One by one the poor fellows were picked up and carried down. One more died on the long trek back to the field. But thirteen still lived.

When the entire business was over, those thirteen were still living, thanks to the fast work of Capt. Hazard. It was the first time in the history of aviation that such a rescue had been performed. Capt. Hazard was cited on several counts of bravery. He took it all in the day's work. He had just figured out a mighty valuable career in medics. He had been a parachute flyer for two years in the war. And he had been a medico. Combine the two, that's what he had done. It made an unbeatable combination. It saved many lives. There would be many more crashes of planes.

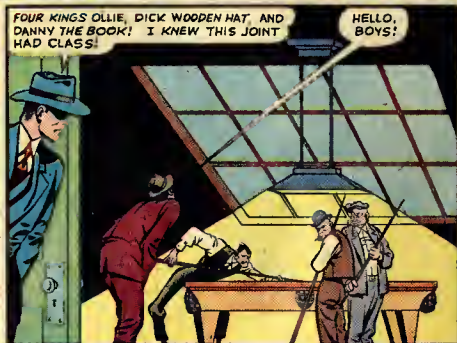
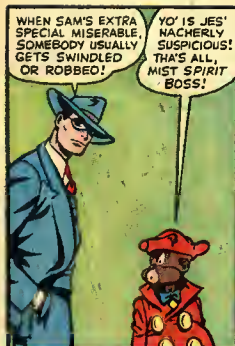
So, Captain Jim Hazard became the world's first flying, jumping medico. To date he has a score or more of leaps to his credit, and he has saved more lives than he can remember.

He plans to spend his entire life as a parachuting doctor. He claims that in the Northwest section of the United States alone there are thousands of square miles of impassable terrain where many persons live. Sickness and injuries come to these people the same as to others. When a doctor is needed, it takes long hours and sometimes days to get one in time. The only communication in many cases are Rangers.

With Capt. Hazard waiting with his fast ship, it will be a matter of only minutes in most cases to fly to the help of anybody in that vast, lonely region and bring aid—even life.



The Spirit

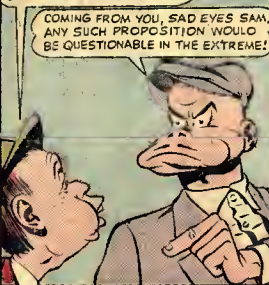


The Spirit

THAT IS STRICTLY A MATTER OF OPINION, WHICH NOT ONE OF US PRESENT CARES TO SHARE! PERIOD! NOW, HIT THE ROAD!



BUT IN ADDITION TO HAVING A TERRIBLE STORY TO TELL, I ALSO HAVE A PROPOSITION WHEREBY YOUSE GENTLEMEN CAN MAKE AN EASY BUCK!



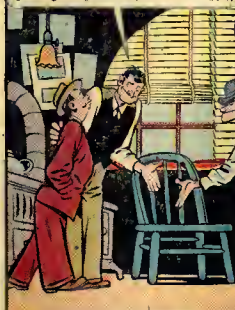
COMING FROM YOU, SAD EYES SAM, ANY SUCH PROPOSITION WOULD BE QUESTIONABLE IN THE EXTREME!

--TO SAY NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT NOBODY EVER MAKES AN EASY BUCK OUT OF SAD EYES SAM'S PROPOSITIONS BUT SAD EYES SAM!



BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOT PROOF THAT YOU GET ODDS OF A THOUSAND TO ONE!

TO ME, ODDS OF A THOUSAND TO ONE IS LIKE MONEY IN THE BANK!



WE WILL, THEREFORE, EXTEND YOU THE COURTESY OF LISTENING!

TWO HOURS AGO, A CROAKER TOLD ME THAT I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME TINKERING WITH MY INSIDES, AND I STAND ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF SURVIVING!



SOMEHOW THE IMMINENCE OF YOUR DEATH DOES NOT MOVE ME TO TEARS!

SO YOU'VE GOT HEARTS OF STONE! BUT YOUSE CAN SMELL AN EASY BUCK! RIGHT NOW I'M FLAT BROKE! THE SAWBONES SAID I MUST HAVE THE OPERATION WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OR DIE IN PAIN!



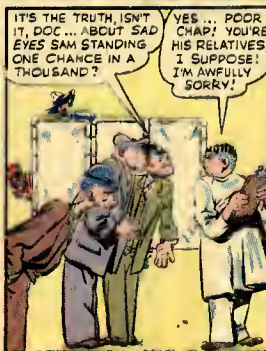
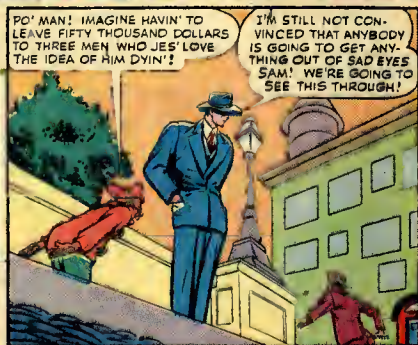
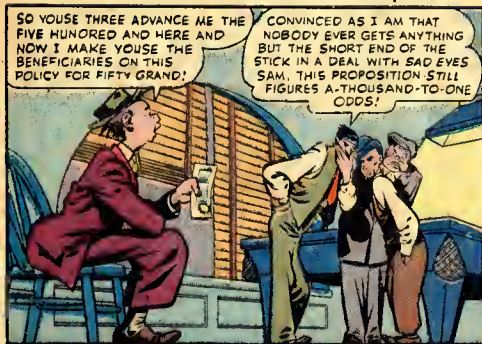
(WE WOULD APPRECIATE THE FINANCIAL DETAILS OF THE PROPOSITION!)

THIS IS MY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY FOR FIFTY 'G'S'. TO GET A LOAN OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS ON IT WOULD REQUIRE SEVERAL DAYS! THE CROAKER WANTS THAT MUCH IN ADVANCE FOR THE OPERATION!

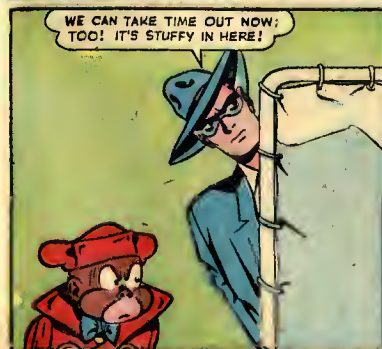


PLEASE GIVE OUT WITH THE ANGLE WITHOUT BUILDING UP THE SUSPENSE ANY FURTHER!

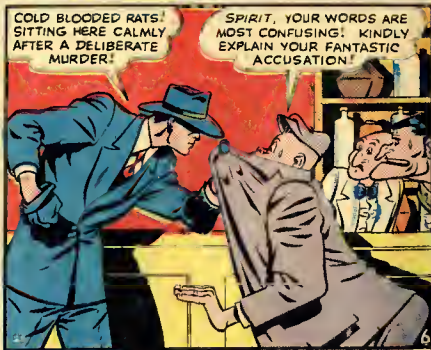
The Spirit



The Spirit

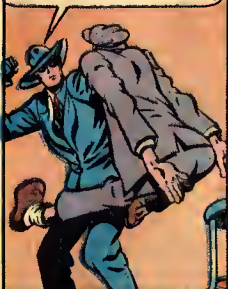


The Spirit



The Spirit

AFTER I WORK OFF MY FURY!
I CAN'T STAND PEOPLE WHO'LL
STOP AT NOTHING FOR MONEY!



AS SOON AS YOU HEARD THERE
WAS A CHANCE FOR SAD EYES
TO SURVIVE, YOU DECIDED TO
MAKE SURE HE WOULDN'T!



THERE! I FEEL
BETTER ALREADY!



I GATHER FROM
ALL THIS THAT
SAD EYES SAM
IS DEAD!

THERE HAS ALSO
BEEN A SUGGESTION
THAT WE WERE
INSTRUMENTAL IN
BRINGING ABOUT
HIS DEMISE!



GET BACK IN THERE! I
CAN SEW UP ALL THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST YOU IN A FEW
MINUTES!



IT'S TRUE! HE
WAS MURDERED!

THAT ACT WON'T
HELP FOUR
KING'S OLLIE!



YOU SEE, DOCTOR... I'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING THESE LADS! THEY HAD A
LITTLE BET ON WITH SAD EYES SAM AND
THEY WEREN'T PLANNING TO LOSE!
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS POLICY!



THIS CHANGE IN THE BENEFICIARIES IS MOST UNUSUAL!
I ASSUME THAT IN CONSIDERATION THEY ADVANCED THE
DECEASED A SUM OF MONEY... BUT
IT WAS REALLY UNNECESSARY TO
MURDER HIM!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?



The Spirit

WELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO SHOCK THEM WHEN THEY ASKED ME ABOUT THE PATIENT'S CONDITION AFTER THE OPERATION, AND THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GO INTO DETAIL... BUT...



I KNEW AFTER THE OPERATION THAT THE PATIENT WOULD HAVE ABOUT ONE DAY TO LIVE! I TOLD THE NURSES AS MUCH!



AND I TOLD THE PATIENT WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE ETHER... BUT ONLY BECAUSE HE BEGGED ME!



BUT ISN'T ACCUSING THESE FELLOWS A LITTLE FAR FETCHED? THE PATIENT WAS KILLED WITH ONE OF OUR SURGERY SCALPESLS ... AND THEY COULDN'T HAVE HAD ACCESS TO ONE!



HMM... AS A MATTER OF FACT, EXCEPT FOR YOU AND THE NURSES, THE ONLY ONE WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN NEAR A SCALPEL WAS SAD EYES, HIMSELF!

WAIT! LET ME HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT POLICY!



HMM! LEAVE IT TO SAD EYES! THIS WOULD BE HIS IDEA OF A VERY GOOD JOKE!



THE SPIRIT FINDS SOMETHING VERY AMUSING AT A VERY ODD TIME!

BOYS, SAD EYES SAM'S RECORD STILL STANDS! NOBODY HAS EVER BENEFITED FROM A PROPOSITION HE MADE THEM! LISTEN ... "IN THE EVENT OF THE SUICIDE OF THE INSURED, THIS POLICY BECOMES VOID AND NO PAYMENT WILL BE MADE!"



GET IT? SAD EYES MUST HAVE SWIPED A SCALPEL IN THE OPERATING ROOM SO THAT, IN THE EVENT HE FOUND OUT HE WOULDN'T LIVE, HE COULD KILL HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN HAND AND DO YOU KIDDIES OUT OF THE FIFTY THOUSAND!

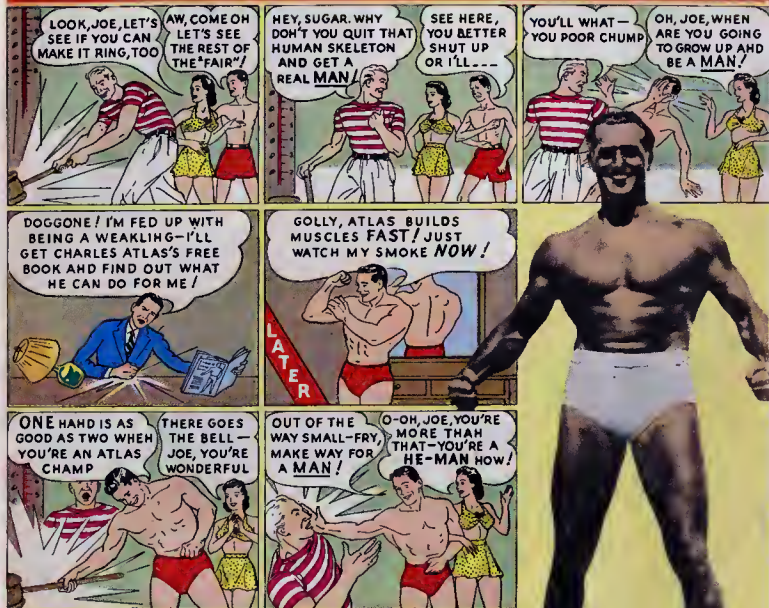


I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! I SAID NOBODY COULD WIN FROM SAD EYES SAM! EVEN HIS DEATH COSTS US FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!



LET US SERIOUSLY CONTEMPLATE SUICIDE, TOO!

The Insult "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger brawler fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Get Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Brawn."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions! It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 330H, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York



—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

How to CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT—

More Quickly—More Safely!



1 Most any motorist can change a tire. But few can change it at night with top speed, efficiency—and safety! Night-time tire-changing can be hazardous—but your "Eveready" flashlight can reduce the danger. First principle, says the American Automobile Association, is . . .



2 Park off the highway, if you can possibly do so. Next best place is on a straight stretch of road where you can be seen for at least 500 feet. If you must park on a curve, a light should be set on the road some distance back. Be sure neither you nor a bystander blocks off the view of your tail-light!



3 Keep all your tire-changing tools tied or boxed together, where you can pick them up without searching or fumbling. Remove your spare *before* jacking up the car, removing it later might push your car off the jack. If alone, set flashlight on a stone in convenient position.

4 In your car or at home—wherever you need a flashlight—rely only on "Eveready" batteries. Ask for them by name. For "Eveready" batteries have no equals . . . that's why you'll find them in more flashlights than any other battery in the world!

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**EXTRA POWER,
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—AT NO
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